THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"..... VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 89.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

As you have not scrupled to inform the ladies, your *fair readers*, of Florian's opinions, and as you profess yourself their friend and humble servant, you will be so obligingly impartial as to publish the enclosed.

TO FLORIAN.

SIR,

Your 'erudite' essays have long attracted the attention of Mr. Saunter's female readers—a number of whom, under the appellation of the *Belles* Lettres Club, have appointed me to tender you the homage of their highest consideration.

The infinite *pains* you are at to recommend yourself to the notice of the ladies, is evident in your *laboured* style—but we are not so temerarious as to determine always whether you mean to praise or to blame. This however may be less your fault than ours—readers who alone are 'enabled to estimate point lace, or judge of the trimmings of a cap,' cannot be presumed to understand an author entrench'd in 'muniments' of learning so profound as yours.

But as we have a 'fervourous zeal' to profit by the *efforts* of your sublime genius—and as you appear to us rather to have been a pupil of Johnson, than of Addison or of Junius, our secretary has directions to place his Folio Dictionary on the table, when the Port Folio is to be our evening's entertainment. These remarks are, however, sir, not to be understood as altogether applicable to your last effusion, some sentences of which are *suited to the meanest capacity*. And although we must first wade painfully through a long circumlocutory preface, we develope at last that your design is to complain of the scantiness of our 'stock of ideas' and to propose to us the example of Mad. de Sevigne, 'who could philosophise in the morning,' 'and in the evening infuse life and animation into brilliant society'——Alas, Florian, *our* lovers and husbands are no Voltaires!—they have no particular value for a woman who reads 'Geometrical systems.' The former attach themselves to the fair and the fashionable—while the latter find their life and animation best promoted at the coffee-house or the club!

But there is another circumstance to be known, and which it is wonderful should have escaped an observation so accurate as yours—yet it is nevertheless true, that the state of society *here* does not admit of our forming an acquaintance with your familiar friends, Tacitus and Ariosto. An American lady who aspires to be 'distinguished for indefatigable assiduity towards her husband and her children," (and there are but few who have not such ambition) must *philosophise* with her *servants* in the morning' and in the evening—even in that short hour, while her right hand is engaged in refuting your visionary assertions, it is ten to one that her left is extended to quiet the prattle of three or four noisy inquisitive children. *Our* servants, sir, are the worst in the world—our husbands are more tenacious of neatness and good management in their families, than those of perhaps any other nation, and if you will add to this detail of causes, that they are men of business, confined to the office or the counting-house, while the whole charge of the house, table, servants and children, all, all devolve upon the careful wife—you, who are an able logician, and deeply skilled in 'infinitessimal calculations,' will not fail to conclude that it is not to us that 'science and the arts have enlarged their empire and indefinietly multiplied their ramifications,' and that 'the range of our ratiocinative faculties must be 'incalculably' limited. It is the misfortune of our moralists to be ever applying to us the trite remarks of European censors, without the discernment to know that they are not at all appropriate—Excuse me, sir, you have fallen into this very common error.

Yet although we confess we have not leisure to acquire a knowledge of Latin or Greek, that we have not taste sufficient to relish the harmony of Florian's numerous periods—or indeed the ability always to understand them—'to the *cosmopolite* in spirit, it will be a consolatory reflection' that we do make pretensions to 'accomplishments of a more solid or exalted nature,' nor are we absolutely destitute of literary excellence. We study eloquence in our *native language*. Every member of our club can at least read and write plain English, and perhaps our debates might afford some specimens of talents not very far inferior to those of *certain modern legislators*. We can order a dinner, or preside at a tea-party, as classically as ever it was done by a Carter or a Dacier. But, above all we delight to laugh at the affectation and folly of those pedants who presume to sneer at us in a jargon which neither they nor their readers can possibly understand.

CONSTANTIA.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXPLICATION OF THE DIFFERENT MEANS OF THE ART OF ORATORY, CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY IN DEMOSTHENES.

[Continued.]

When he deigns at length to come to the juridical details, he pulverises in a few lines, the sophisms accumulated by Eschynes, on the pretended violations of the laws in the form of the coronation, ordained by the decree of Ctesiphon. It was only a pretext of chicanery, to have the right of instituting an accusation, which could never be done, but by relying upon the terms of some law, well or ill-interpreted. It was for the judges to decide upon the application. There were among the Athenians, as every where else, ordinances, which, if only some particular points were considered, would appear to be contradicted by other ordinances. Eschynes had seized, like an expert chicaner, all that could appear to be favourable to him. We have seen before how Demosthenes extricated himself from that circumstance, so dryly contentious, of his accountability, and how he understood to elevate and animate, his oratorical argument.

Refutation is always the more easy, as the objections are more frivolous; but although one has evidence of his side, he does not always give it that pressing turn, and that irresistable force, which is the eloquence of discussion. It cost Demosthenes no more to refute the second head of accusation.

"As to what regards the proclamation, upon the theatre, I will not remind you of the number of citizens whom we have seen crowned there: I will not recall to your memories, that I have been more than once proclaimed there: but are you so destitute of sense, Eschynes, as not to comprehend, that, every where, when a citizen is crowned, the glory is the same, and it is for those who crown, that the proclamation is made upon the theatre? It is for all who hear it, an exhortation to deserve well of their country, and a subject of praise for those who distribute these recompences, rather than for those who receive them. Such is the spirit of the law which has been made upon this article. Read the law. *If any one of our municipal cities crowns a citizen of Athens, the proclamation of it shall be made in the city, which shall have decreed the crown: If it is the people of Athens or the senate, who decree it, the proclamation may be made on the theatre at the festivals of Bacchus.*" Here is a formal text in favour of Demosthenes. I have quoted it that we may judge of the good faith of his enemy.

Demosthenes was not ignorant of the advantage he had over Eschynes, in the opinion of his fellow-citizens, and he avails himself of it, like a superior man, from the commencement of his discourse, when having refuted the different points of accusation alledged against him, he exposes the state of Greece, at the time when he began his administration affairs, the ambition and intrigues of Philip, and the venality of orators such as Eschynes, who served that prince at the expence of his country. "The contagion was general in the cities of Greece; those who governed suffered themselves to be corrupted by presents, and the multitude abandoned themselves to them, either from blindness to the future, or by that weakness which is the consequence of indolence. Each one believed that the evil would reach him, or contrived to raise himself on the ruins of others; it was thus that the imprudent security of the people, occasioned the loss of their liberty, and that the magistrates who thought they delivered every thing

to Philip, except themselves, perceived too late that they had betrayed themselves also. They are no longer friends and hosts, as they were called at the time when it was necessary to seduce them: things at present have their true names, and they are vile flatterers detested by Gods and men. We ought not to deceive ourselves. They never give money to enrich a traitor: When they have obtained of him what they wish, he is no longer consulted. Without this traitors would be too happy. But no, it is not thus. And how can it be so? When he would reign is become the master, he is so of those who have sold others to him. He knows their perfidy: he hates and despises them. Recollect what you have seen, and what you see at this day. Lasthenes was the friend of Philip, till the moment when he sold him the city of Olynthus; Timolaus until he had ruined the Thebans; Euridicus and Simon of Larissa, until they had subjected to him Thessaly. The whole world is full of similar examples. What are at present Aristrates at Sicyon, Perilaus at Megara? All are in abject contempt. And do you know what results from all this, Eschynes? It is that your parallels and yourself, all you who in Athens make a trade of treason, even you have all the greatest obligation to those who like me, defend with all their forces the republic and her liberties. It is this which supports you. It is this which enriches you. Without us, they would long since have ceased to pay you: Without us you would have long since done all that was necessary to destroy yourselves. This blunderer, has he not said somewhere, that I reproached him with the friendship of Alexander! No, I understand myself better. I never said that you was the host or the friend of Philip or Alexander. You? How? By what colour? The slaves and the mercenaries, are they called the hosts and the friends of their masters? I have said that you had been at first the mercenary of Philip, and that you are at this day that of Alexander. I have said it and all the Athenians say it. Would you know what they think? Dare to interrogate them. You dare not! Very well, I will interrogate them myself. Athenians what say you? Eschynes is he the friend of Alexander or his mercenary." Do you hear their answer? It is obvious, that it was necessary to be sure, in order to make a similar demand."

But with what dignity does he express himself, concerning this war against Philip, which they reproach him with having counselled? What a sublime flight of patriotic enthusiasm! And at this moment how small does Eschynes appear before him? He recalls that dreadful day when the news was spread in Athens of the capture of Elatea, a city of Phocis, which opened a passage to Philip, into Attica. There was no room for deliberation—The Athenians must remain exposed to an invasion, or unite with the Thebans, their ancient enemies. We should recollect here, that the Greeks regarded the Macedonians as Barbarians, and that the different states of Greece, although frequently divided among themselves, considered themselves as connected by a species of national confraternity, whenever there was occasion to combat any nation that was not Greek. It was not till after the reign of Philip, whose influence was so powerful, and under Alexander, who procured himself to be nominated generalissimo of the Greeks against the Persians, that the Macedonians were really confounded, with the other Greek nations, in the general league against their common enemies.

"You remember the tumult which filled the city, when a courier arrived in the night to the Prytanes, with the news that Philip was in Elatea. At the break of day, the senate was assembled; you had run together to the public square: the senate adjourned there, produced the courier before you, gave you the details of the fatal intelligence. The herald demanded, who would speak? No man presented himself. All your generals, all your orators were present—No man answered the voice of his country, requiring a citizen who would point out the means of her safety; for is not the herald pronouncing the words which the law has put into his mouth, the organ of the country? If nothing had been necessary at that time to induce a man to rise, but love to his country, Athenians, you would all have arisen, and ascended the tribunal. If it had been necessary to be rich the council of three hundred would have risen; those who combining the love of their country with the means of serving it, have since been lavish of their fortunes in your service, would have come forward also. But such a day, such a moment, demanded not only a good citizen, a wise man, an opulent person, but one who thoroughly knew the character, the policy and the views of Philip. I was that man, I appeared, I spake: I laid open the designs of Philip, and what was necessary to be done to oppose him—no man contradicted me—all applauded me—a decree was necessary—I reduced it to writing. The decree ordained an embassy to the Thebans: I accepted of it. The object of the embassy was to persuade them that they ought to forget all their divisions, and unite themselves with you: I persuaded them to this.—Very well, Eschynes, what was the part which you acted on that day? And what was mine? You did nothing. I did every thing. If you had been a good citizen, then was the moment to speak; you ought to have offered some advice, better than mine, and not to have waited till this day, to attack it and allege it against me as a crime. But such is the difference between him who gives council, and him who calumniates. The one shews himself before the event, and exposes himself to contradictions, to misfortunes, to resentment. He takes all upon himself. The other is silent when he ought to speak, and waits for the moment of a disaster to excite a clamour of censure and hatred. But finally, since you was dumb on that day, tell me then at least, at this day, what other discourse I ought to have held, what was the service which I could have performed and yet neglected; what other alliance I ought to have proposed, what other conduct I ought to have recommended. It is by these marks that my administration ought to be judged, and not by the event. The event is in the will of the Gods: the intention is in the heart of the citizen. Whether Philip should be conqueror or not, depended not upon me; but what depended on me, was, to take all the measures that human prudence should dictate, to put in exercise all possible diligence, to supply by my zeal what was wanting in forces; finally, to do nothing that was not glorious, necessary, and worthy of the republic. Prove that such was not my conduct, and that it will be an accusation and not an invective. If the same thunder with which all Greece has been overthrown, has also fallen upon Athens, what could I do to ward it off? A citizen engages to equip a vessel for the state, he furnishes it with every thing necessary for her defence, a tempest oversets her, does any one think of accusing him? It was not I, he will say, who held the helm; and it was not I who commanded the army. If you alone, Eschynes, foresaw the future, why did you not reveal it? If you did not foresee it, you are not, any more than I, guilty of any thing but ignorance, and why do you accuse me when I accuse not you? But since he presses me on this point, Athenians, I will advance something yet stronger, and I conjure you to see no presumption in my words, but only the soul of an Athenian. I will say then, if we had foreseen all that has occurred, if you yourself, Eschynes, who at that time dared not to open your mouth, become all at once a prophet, had predicted to us the future, it would have been still inevitable to do what we did, if we had before our eyes the smallest glimpse of the glory of our ancestors, and of the judgment of posterity. In fact, what does the world say of us, at this day? That our efforts have been disappointed by fortune, who decides all things; but before whom should we dare to lift up our eyes, if we had abandoned to others the care of defending the liberties of Greece against Philip? Who is there among the Greeks or Barbarians, who is ignorant that never, in the past ages, has Athens preferred a shameful security to glorious dangers? That she has never consented to coalesce with an unjust power, but in all times has fought for pre-eminence and for glory. If I should boast of having inspired into you this elevation of sentiment, it would be on my part an insupportable pride; but in making it appear that such have ever been your principles, both without me, and before me, I esteem it an honor to be able to affirm, that in this part of the public functions which has been committed to me, I also have been counted for something in that part of your conduct which has been honorable and glorious. My accuser, on the contrary, in wishing to take from me the recompence which you have decreed me, does not perceive that he would also deprive you of the just tribute of applause which posterity owes you. For if you condemn me for the council I gave you, you will yourselves appear to have been blameable in receiving it. But no, Athenians, no you have not been in fault, in braving every danger for the safety and the liberty of all the Greeks. You have not been in the wrong. I swear it, by the ghosts of your ancestors, who perished in the plains of Marathon, and by those who fought at Platea, at Salamis, at Artemisium, by all those great citizens whose ashes Greece has collected in public monuments. She has granted them all the same sepulchres and the same honors—yes, Eschynes, to all; for all had the same virtue, although the eternal destiny had not granted them all same success."

This is the great oath, so celebrated in antiquity, and so frequently recollected in our days. When we hear it, it seems as if all the departed spirits so lately invoked by Eschynes, had appeared and arranged themselves round the tribunal of Demosthenes, and taken him under their protection. Nor is this enough: See how he turns against Eschynes that air of triumph which he assumed in speaking of the defeat at Cheronea.

"Have you remarked, Athenians, when he spoke of our misfortunes? He spoke of them without any feeling, without manifesting any of that grief which would have been so becoming in an honest and sensible citizen. His countenance glowed with exultation, his voice was sonorous and musical. The wretch! He thought he was accusing me, and he accused himself, by shewing himself in our common calamity so different from what you all are."

Eschynes had not ceased to admonish the Athenians to distrust the pernicious eloquence of Demosthenes: he had given to his talent all those perfidious and murderous eulogies to which hatred sometimes condemns itself; sincere upon one point, to render itself more credible in another, and employing the truth, to give more weight to calumny: it is thus that the passions defile every thing they touch, and convert panegyric into poison. Demosthenes, who leaves no article without an answer, does not fail to take him up on this: He demonstrates that the talent of speaking had never been in him, but a means of serving the republic. But he begins by expressing himself concerning this same talent,

with a reserve and a modesty which must have flattered the self-love of the Athenians. There is nothing, even to his genius itself, that he does not make depend upon them.

"For all that concerns my eloquence, (since Eschynes has introduced that word) I have always observed, that the powers of speech depend in a great measure on those who hear, and that the orator appears able, in proportion to the benevolence which you express for him. At least this eloquence which he attributes to me has been useful to all, at all times, and never injurious to any. But your eloquence, Eschynes, in what has it ever served your country? You come at this day to speak to us of what is passed. What would be said of a physician, who, when called to a patient, was unable to prescribe a remedy for the disease, or preserve the man from death, and yet should come to disturb his friends at his funeral, by crying aloud at his tomb, that he would have been still alive if he had taken other advice?"

He grounds the interest of his peroration upon the honor which had been done him, in confiding to him the funeral eulogium of the citizens slain at Cheronea. Eschynes had strenuously laboured to make this a subject of reproach against him, and so much the more maliciously as he had himself solicited that function in vain. Demosthenes extracts from this a new triumph for himself, and a fresh humiliation for his accuser.

"The republic, Eschynes, has projected and executed great things by ministry, but she has not been ungrateful. When it became necessary at the time of our disgrace, to choose an orator to perform the last honors to the victims of their country, it was not you, Eschynes, who was chosen, notwithstanding your harmonious voice, your solicitations, your secret intrigues, and open cabals; it was not Demades, who had obtained for us peace, nor Hegemon, nor finally any one of your party. It was I. You were then seen, Pytocles and you, vomiting against me, with equal fury and impudence, the same invectives which you have now repeated, and it was one reason the more for the Athenians to persist in their choice. You know the reason as well as I; I will nevertheless relate it to you: it was because they knew equally well both my love to my country, and all the crimes which you had committed against it. They knew that you owed your impunity only to their disasters; that if your sentiments of enmity against them have only broke out in the time of their disgrace, it was still an acknowledgement that in all times you have been their secret enemies. It was fit that he who was to celebrate the virtues of his fellow-citizens, should not have been the fellow commoner of their enemies, should not have made with them the same sacrifices and the same libations. It was impossible to confer a function so honorable upon those who had been seen intermingled with the conquerors, participating in the insolent joy of their festivals, and triumphing in our calamities. Finally, it was not fit to deplore with a lying tongue, the destiny of those illustrious deceased. The just regret could not exist but in the mouth of him who had the correspondent sorrow in his soul; and this grief was well known to be in my heart and not in yours. Behold the causes which determined the suffrages of the people; and when the relations of the deceased, charged with the melancholy care of their sepulture, gave the funeral festival, it was at my house that they gave it, at my house, as considering me more tenderly affected than any one at the catastrophe of those whose loss we deplored. They indeed were more nearly connected by blood, but no man was more afflicted from the sentiments of a citizen—no man in the common loss had more cause to weep than myself."

Rollin observes, with reason, that the only thing which can offend us, in this immortal oration, as well as in that of Eschynes, is the profusion of personal reflections, in which the two rivals indulge themselves in several places. But it is just to observe also, that they were authorised by the republican manners, less delicate upon these points than ours, and that consequently neither the one nor the other has violated the precept of the art, which forbids to shock the customary decency. Two citizens, enemies, two rival orators attacked each other, upon all points, upon their birth, their education, their fortune, their manners, and this research drew them into details which are not always very noble in our eyes, considering the difference of times and of language, but which then had their effects. We find them also in Cicero, when he speaks against Anthony, Piso, Vatinius, who, on their part, spare him as little. If these reproaches were false, they only compromised him who pronounced them; when they were well founded it was thought that a freeman had a right to speak out. We ought to pardon the citizens of Rome and Athens for having thought that an honest man might hear, without shame or disgrace, the invectives of a calumniator. Moreover, it was not altogether without danger, that any one was permitted to accuse and inveigh: in Athens the accuser must have at least a fifth part of the suffrages. Without this he was condemned to banishment. This happened to Eschynes. He retired into the island of Rhodes, where he opened a school of rhetoric. His first lesson was the reading of the two harangues, which had caused his condemnation. I cannot conceive, I confess, how he could have the courage to read to his pupils that of Demosthenes. One may, without a crime, be less eloquent than another; but how to avow, without blushing, that one has been so evidently convicted of being a calumniator and a bad citizen?

For Demosthenes, an historian whose authority in this respect has been justly contested, from the silence of all the others, pretends that this firmness, so long a time immoveable, this disinterestedness so long supported, at last, for once, failed him; that after having resisted Alexander with the same force which he had displayed against Philip, he at last suffered himself to be corrupted, and counterfeited sickness to avoid ascending the tribunal—that this unworthy weakness obliged him to retire from Athens. But we may well doubt of the fact, and it is certain that his death was honorable and courageous. Having returned to Athens after the death of Alexander, he never ceased to harangue against the tyranny of the Macedonians, until Antipater, their king, had obtained, sword in hand, the order to deliver him all the orators who had declared themselves his enemies. Demosthenes attempted to escape, but seeing himself ready to be arrested by those who pursued him, he had recourse to poison, which he always carried about him. It has been remarked that Cicero and Demosthenes had an end equally tragical, and perished victims to their country after having lived its defenders.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

I am, Mr. Editor, a little studious man, the well wisher of my species, a philanthropist, who confident of meaning well, would speak and write as occasion demanded, without dissimulation. I do not like authors who seem to disguise their thoughts, and who will not tell the whole truth for fear of speaking of themselves; this, I think, is carrying modesty almost too far—no such side glances for me. In the name of common sense, if a man or woman be blest with any of the cardinal virtues, why should he or she be too diffident to avow them, or be censurable for so doing? Such being my sentiments, and with this short sketch of my character, you will not, perhaps, Mr. Editor, charge me with the sin of egotism, if I add, that I am one among a number in our metropolis, who seldom like to enjoy 'a morsel alone,' but who, in the course of their literary perambulations, are willing, and in fact sometimes desirous, that others should be benefited as well as themselves. Having thus frankly introduced myself, permit me to proceed, and state, in a few words, the object of this intrusion.

You must know then, Mr. Oldschool, that I have lately experienced much satisfaction in the perusal of a small work, intitled 'Cornaro on Health and Long Life!' composed, at an advanced age, by an Italian nobleman, and translated into very good English, by I don't know whom. Now, as we are all willing to enjoy health, and most of us anxious to live long, and as this little book contains rules and directions for the procurement and preservation of both, I am induced, through the medium of your useful paper, to recommend it to the public as a production sensibly composed upon a subject of general importance. The work, as before observed, is short, and in a style which I am inclined to think will not prove tiresome even to those who are not much accustomed to literature. Prefixed will be found a recommendatory preface from the ingenious pen of the virtuous and justly celebrated Addison; in this preface, after many excellent remarks on the structure of the human frame, and the necessity of temperance for its healthful preservation, the author observes, "But the most remarkable instance of temperance towards procuring life, is what we meet with in a little book published by Lewis Cornaro, the Venetian, which I the rather mention because it is of undoubted credit, as the late Venetian ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once in conversation, when he resided in England, Cornaro, the author of this little treatise I am mentioning, was of an infirm constitution 'till about forty, when obstinately persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health, insomuch that at fourscore he published his book." Pause then, ye modern epicures, and ere again you gratify your sensual appetites, consider the long healthy life of Cornaro, and reflect whether voluptuousness can even flatter with hope of like enjoyment; view him, undisturbed by pain or sickness, happy and serene, enjoying every blessing, and all the rational delights of life, until an advanced age, then leaving the world almost without a struggle. Valetudinarians as ye are, surrounded by various ills, real and imaginary, can ye unmoved contemplate a picture like this? No, such a life and a death must be desirable even to you; is it not then worth your while to profit by the experience of a respectable old man? who wrote with no mercenary view, but who, from a wish that all might enjoy pleasures and benefits, which he resolutely struggled for and obtained, published, as we are told, at the age of eighty years, his little book. Purchase it then, and read it with attention; you will there find (what, perhaps, you have not much considered, and what may be of importance to know) that most diseases proceed from irregularity and intemperance. "Let us beware, says Socrates, of such food as tempts us to eat when we are not hungry, and of such liquors as entice us to drink when we are not thirsty." This philosopher was well convinced of the evils which result from uncontrouled indulgence. Dispense, therefore,

with dainties highly seasoned; likewise forego the too captivating pleasures of the bottle. During the inclemency of boisterous winter, exceed not one or two glasses of wine per diem, and use spirit only as medicine; but when sultry summer makes the labourer sweat, then banish wine, and use small beer or wholesome hydrant water. Live frugally upon viands plainly dressed, when vegetables are procurable eat them daily, being always careful to avoid gluttony, and then if the constitution is not too far gone, it will undergo a change, which, renovating the system, may perhaps add years to your enfeebled lives.

Health, it must be allowed, is of the first importance to us all; it is a blessing without which life is but half enjoyed; a good which we all deserve, and which it is our duty as well as our interest to preserve. Every treatise, therefore, upon such a subject, must be interesting; every expedient by which it may be attained should be rendered universal, and properly estimated by the public at large. Let then the inhabitants of Columbia, if they would become hearty and strong, if they would animate the mind and invigorate the understanding, if they would dispel spleen and possess cheerfulness, in fact if they would become useful and happy members of the community, let them encourage *temperance*. Let the rich despise the short lived gratifications of appetite, banishing luxury and profusion, as dangerous to the prosperity of a young and thriving nation. Let the poor be industrious, and practice frugality, scorning pursuits which have a tendency to lead from domestic endearments, then nor pains nor fevers shall disturb the former, nor pale faced poverty the latter; the learned doctor and conceited quack would each pack up their drugs to seek in foreign climes a surer fortune, and America, favoured land of *liberty*, would become still more the seat of plenty and of happinesss.

H

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From the second volume of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, consisting of historical and romantic Ballads, edited by Walter Scott, the following beautiful ballad, which appears to be built on a basis of truth, and which cannot fail to delight the lover of the Scottish Muse, is selected, with the note appended by a master hand.

ANNAN WATER.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

"The following verses are the original words of the tune of 'Allan Water,' by which name the song is mentioned in Ramsay's 'Tea Table Miscellany.' The ballad is given from tradition, and it is said that a bridge over the Annan was built in consequence of the melancholy catastrophe which it narrates. By the *Gatehope slack*, is, perhaps, meant the Gate-slack, a pass in Annan dale. The Annan, and the Frith of Solway, into which it falls, are the frequent scenes of tragical accidents. The editor trusts he will be pardoned for inserting the following awfully impressive account of such an event, contained in a letter from Dr. Currie of Liverpool, by whose correspondence, in the course of preparing his volumes for the press, he has been alike honoured and instructed. After stating that he had some recollection of the ballad which follows, the biographer of Burns proceeds thus: 'I once in my early days heard (for it was night, and I could not see) a traveller drowning: not in the Annan itself, but in the Firth of Solway, close by the mouth of that river. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him in the night, as he was passing the sands from Cumberland. The west wind blew a tempest, and, according to the common expression, brought in the water *three foot abreast*. The traveller got upon a standing net a little way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance—till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness of night, and amid the pauses of the hurricane his voice, heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance—no one knew where he was—the sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. But morning rose—the tide had ebbed—and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind!

.....Annan Water's wading deep,
And my love Annie's wond'rous bonnie;
And I am laith she shuld weet her feet,
Because I love her best of ony.

'Gar saddle me the bonny black;
'Gar saddle sune and make him ready;
For I will down the Gatehope-Slack,
And all to see my bonny ladye.

He has loupen on the bonny black,
He spurr'd him wi' the spur right sairly,
But, or he wan the Gatehope-Slack,
I think the steed was wae and weary.

He has loupen on the bonnie gray,
He rade the right gate and the ready:
I trow he would neither stint nor stay,
For he was seeking his bonnie ladye.

The gray was a mare, and a right good mare,
But when she wan the Annan Water,
She could nae hae ridden a furlong mair,
Had a thousand merks been wadded* at her.

The side was stey, and the bottom deep,
Frae bank to brae the water pouring;
And the bonnie gray mare did sweat for fear,
For she heard the water Kelpy roaring.

O he has pou'd aff his dapperpy† coat,
The silver buttons glanced bonny;
The waistcoat bursted off his breast,
He was sae full of melancholy.

He has ta'en the ford at that stream tail;
I wot he swam both strong and steady,
But the stream was broad and his strength did fail,
And he never saw his bonnie ladye.

.....O wae betide the frush‡ saugh wand!
And wae betide the bush of briar,
It brake into my true love's hand,
When his strength did fail and his limbs did tire.

And wae betide ye, Annan Water!
This night that ye are a drumlie river,
For over thee I'll build a bridge,
That ye never more true love may sever.

—

MARKET FOR THE FAIR CIRCASSIANS.

The following account of the sale of the fair Circassians, the most beautiful women of the eastern, probably of the whole world, is extracted from a tour, performed in the years 1795-6, through the Crimea, and the countries bordering on the empire, by Mrs. Maria Guthrie.

Caffa, or as it is now called by its original name, Theodocia, is the market for Circassian slaves, who have been "destined for ages to be brought to the market of Caffa, like any other kind of merchandise, and what is most remarkable in this revolting business is, that these beauties, so famous in eastern story, are brought in vast numbers every year by their own parents, and sold at from 2 to 4000 Turkish piastres (about 4s. sterling) in proportion to their charms.

As I am sure that a *mistress market* must be a curious subject to the polished nations of Europe, I shall give a specimen of the manner in which it is carried on, in the very words of Mr. Keelman, a German merchant.

The fair Circassians, says Mr. Keelman, to whom three were offered me for sale in 1768, were brought from their own chamber into mine, (as we all lodged in the same inn), one after another by the Armenian merchant, who had to dispose of them. The first was very well dressed, and had her face covered in the oriental style. She kissed my hand by order of the master, and then walked backward and forward in the room to show her fine shape, her pretty small foot, and her elegant caraiage. She then lifted up her veil, and absolutely surprised me by her extreme beauty. Her hair was fair, with fine large blue eyes, her nose a little aquiline, with pouting red lips. Her features were regular, her complexion fair and delicate, and her cheeks covered with a fine natural vermillion, of which she took care to convince me by rubbing them hard with a cloth. Her neck I thought a little too long; but, to make amends, the finest bosom and teeth in the world set off the other charms of this beautiful slave, for whom the Armenian asked 4000 Turkish piastres, but permitted me to feel her pulse, to convince me that she was in perfect health; after which she was ordered away, when the merchant assured me that she was a pure virgin of eighteen years of age.

I was more surprised, probably, than I ought to have been (as common usage renders every thing familiar) at the perfect indifference with which the inhabitants of Caffa behold this traffic in beauty, that had shocked me so much, and at their assuring me, when I seemed affected at the practice, that it was the only method which parents had of bettering the state of their handsome daughters, *destined at all events to the haram;* for that the rich Asiatic gentleman, who pays 4000 piastres for a beautiful mistress, treats and prizes her as an earthly houri, in perfect conviction that his success with the houries of paradise entirely depends on his behaviour to the sisterhood on earth, who will bear testimony against him in case of ill treatment; in short, that, by being disposed of to rich mussulmen, they were sure to live in affluence and ease the rest of their days, and in a state by no means degrading in Mahometan countries, where their prophet has permitted the seraglio: but that, on the contrary, if they fall into the hands of their own feudal lords, the barbarous inhabitants of their own native mountains, which it is very difficult for beauty to escape, their lot was comparatively wretched, as those rude chieftains have very little respect or generosity toward the fair sex.

* Wadded—*Wagered.*
† Quere—*Cap-a-pee?*
‡ Frush—*Fresh.*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"And Ittai answered the king, and said, as the Lord liveth, and as my lord the king liveth, surely in what place my lord the king shall be, whether in death or life, even there also will thy servant be."

The book of Samuel is crowded with interesting narratives. The story of the artifice and defection of Absalom is full of incident, and exhibits a forcible moral. The clergy have ever found, in his revolt and its consequences, a copious theme for grave remark and pious meditation. Sterne, whose pen was a pencil, has grouped king David and his attendants in consternation and sorrow, flying over the brook of Cedron toward the way of the wilderness. The Lay Preacher, humbly gleaning after such labourers, has picked up one incident picturesque, pathetic, honourable to humanity. A portrait, that has such features, merits an exhibition. From the Cabinet of the Bible then let it be produced; and if placed in a good light, the rude man as well as the connoisseur, will style it enchanting.

As a cover for fraud or violence, religious, perhaps, more frequently than political pretexts, have been employed by the hypocrites of every age. Absalom was too cunning an impostor not to know that a shew of piety would be highly operative with his father David. Anxious to set up the standard of rebellion in Hebron, a city of malcontents, the royal revolter prays that he might be permitted to go thither to pay his vows. The credulous king consents. Absalom is attended with the usual crowd, studious of change and confusion. Some of those counsellors, in whose loyalty the king probably reposed entire confidence, abandon their duty and their sovereign, and follow the fortunes of the usurper. The dark plot thickens. The conspirators increase. The mournful tidings of a son's criminality reach at length the afflicted sire. The baleful cry of treason rung in the palace. The perturbated king urges the necessity of flight. He and his household accordingly secede from the city. Interesting fugitives! You were not the victims of common fear, you were not a disordered rout on the retreat from a chasing conqueror, you were kind companions, and fellow mourners, and, as you ascended together the steep of Mount Olivet, let fall 'kindly drops, which pity had engendered.'

Though it might be expected that those, immediately about the person of David, whose affections he could easily engage, or whose obedience he could sternly require, would be the partners of his flight, yet in such a dubious hour, the strangers at Jerusalem, the wealthy, the politic, the timid would keep aloof, till more tranquil times should come round again.

But Ittai, the Gittite, had such a warm heart, that he never balanced in his cautious head the pros and cons of this selfish philosophy.

This man did not linger a moment on the bank of the brook to consider the hazard he ran, or the probability that he should lose his head, if Absalom's banners proved victorious. The time serving Shimei made many a syllogism in this prudent logic; Ittai's process of reasoning was more summary; for 'he passed over, and all his men, and all the little ones that were with him'

Though a kingdom and a child's affections were fast fading away before the sight of David, and we might easily suppose him absorbed in his calamities, he was not so sunken in the trance of woe, not to remark the prompt fidelity of Ittai. But such zeal, at such a season, and from such a quarter, appeared enigmatical—"Wherefore goest thou also with us? For thou art a stranger, and also an exile. Whereas thou camest but yesterday. Should I this day make thee go up and down with us? Seeing I go whither I may. Return thou and take back thy brethren: Mercy and truth be with thee."

Dr. Campbell censures the paraphrastical style, and the Lay Preacher is averse to verbosity. The above address of the king is so tersely expressed that a little expansion, though diminishing the force, may add to the perspicuity of the passage.

Is it possible, Ittai, that you are one of my unfortunate associates? How can you leave the delights of a city for the way of the wilderness, and prefer danger with me to future honours from Absalom? You are a stranger, how canest thou then for Jerusalem? You have been an exile, whence then thy nationality? Return, good, but deluded man; why shouldest thou wander with David and tempt perdition? I am here desolate and despised; soon, perhaps, to perish by the steel, or, still sharper, the ingratitude of a child. I desperately fly, I know not where. But let not thy rash loyalty trace my perplexed paths. For thy zeal receive my—heart. But leave me, and make thy peace with the usurper. May mercy plead with him thy forgiveness. May truth attest thy virtue.

To so noble a friend and faithful follower such a remonstrance would add constancy. Tell Ittai of danger and he half unsheathes his sword. He prefers hazardous allegiance, to criminal submission, and would rather, with bare and bleeding feet, go up the ascent of Olivet, than be captain of the host at seditious Hebron.

Survey, my readers, this grand historical picture, designed by a great master—a prophet. It is more glowing than the canvas of Rubens, more sublime than the cartoons of Raphael—It is the portrait of a friend in adversity.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

We quit with regret, and with proportionable delight return to such a work as *Dr. Paley's Natural Theology*, a book in which the best powers of reason are employed to the highest purposes. If the perversion of the will could be conquered by an appeal to the head, atheism would be here subdued. The confirmation of well disposed minds in their sound and rational belief will be the effect most commonly produced. Dr. Paley certainly gives new life and energy to the moral proofs of a Deity, in this very able publication. We have no original work within the period of many years, which can be arranged with the foregoing in magnitude as well as value.

—

The History of England, is written by Mr. Adolphus with a spirit and propriety, which will lead many readers to wish, with us, for its continuance to the present time.

—

Mr. Henry Brougham's work on *Colonial Policy*, is a publication displaying genius, sagacity and vigour, on a subject of interest and importance.

—

In 'Letters from France,' written in the middle of 1803, the observing author thus mentions that coxcomb patriot and Jacobin, the frivolous La Fayette—"He resides at Paris and appears a quiet citizen: whether his demeanor is from motives of discretion, or he is sick of the struggles of civil dissentions and their uncertain result, it is not easy to divine. By the apparent seriousness and gravity of his demeanor, it would seem he had forgotten the Quixotic challenge to Lord Carlisle, and the vaultings on his graceful milk-white steed, and that he sought no more the dangerous sport of fomenting civil broils, and overturning kingdoms. When he was *tampering* with the *mob*, and exciting riot, he did not imagine he was raising a tempest he could not allay. The vain man fancied that the same power that put the populace in motion, could, when it pleased, restrain and stop it: unskilled in the nature of public commotion, its peril and consequences, he did not see to what end his mad manœuvring led. He was astonished at last to see the embers he had lighted spread into such a flame, and was startled at the outrages of which he was the unwary instigator. This weathercock, whose versatility puzzled every politician, has veered alternately to democracy, to monarchy, and to aristocracy. He is now reconciled to the *nameless* government of the day, and even seeks a subaltern place in it."

—

Mrs. H. Adams has proved that the American ladies are neither debarred the use of the pen, nor incapable of wielding it with dexterity, in her "View of Religion, in two parts:" the former containing an alphabetic compendium of the various religious denominations which have appeared in the world, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present day; and the latter a brief account of the different schemes of religion now embraced among mankind. The fair author seems to have fully justified her assertion that the whole is collected from the best authors, ancient and modern, though having confined herself to translations, in some instances, she has unknowingly been betrayed into a few unimportant errors. It is sufficient to state, in proof of the merit of Mrs. Adams's "View," that it has already passed three editions, each of which has been augmented, by a considerable introduction of new matter. [*N. A. Register.*

—

SHAKESPEARE.

When first was rear'd the British stage,
Rude was the scene and weak the lay:
The bard explor'd the sacred page,
And holy mystery form'd his Play.

The affections of the mortal breast
In simple moral next he sung,
Each vice in human shape he drest,
And to each virtue gave a tongue.

Then 'gan the Comic Muse unfold
In coarser jests her homely art:
Of Gammar Gurton's loss she told,
And laugh'd at Hodge's awkward smarts

Come from thy wildly winding stream,
First born of Genius, SHAKESPEARE, come!
The listening world attends thy theme,
And bids each elder bard be dumb.

For thou within the human mind
Fix'd, as on thy peculiar throne
Sit'st as a Deity inshrin'd;
And either muse is all thine own.

—

The following is a faithful description of the imported Jacobins of this luckless country:

Fellows who have combin'd to level
With their friend democrat, the Devil,
Tear up the pillars of society,
Pull down the fabric of propriety,
Give meek-ey'd Piety a flogging,
And send morality a jogging.
Fellows, who sped away betimes,
To seek a refuge from their crimes;
Who, if transported back to Europe,
Each hangman there would lack a new rope.

—

The qualifications of a republican representative.

No demagogue of ancient story,
Can be by Fame preferr'd before ye;
Rome never knew so great a hero
In Tarquin, Cataline, or Nero;
Nor Ireland with her modern Gracchi,
Her Paddies rampant, each a black eye;
Nor Algiers all her corsair's mustering,
Can find a fellow, bold and blustering,
So qualified to take a station,
With *patriots* met for *legislation.*

—

Had nature wish'd to speak her mind,
And give some lesson to mankind,
She'd na hae look'd to bards refin'd
For pointed turns;
But pleas'd wad hae her pen resign'd
To Robert Burns.

—

Fidelia, you wonder we men love to kiss,
And its usefulness ask me to prove;
I answer, sweet girl! 'tis the foretaste of bliss
Which Hymen decrees to true love.

—

Written in an Almanac for the year 1800, on the 1st of January 1801, when our *worthy* president was in the 'full tide of successful experiment,' putting down integrity, ability, and virtue; and raising.....every thing which debases man.

My old and faithful time observant,
The year has chang'd, you're not respected,
But, like a faithful public servant,
When parties change, you're now neglected.

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

You know that our ancient philosophers hold
There is nothing in equipage, honours or gold;
That bliss in *externals* we seldom can find,
And, in truth, my good friends, I am quite of their mind.

What makes a man happy, I never can doubt;
'Tis something *within* him, 'tis nothing without.
This something, they said, was the source of content,
But, whatever they call'd it, 'twas WINE that they meant.

Upon their own principles I could have shewn 'em,
That the juice of the grape is the true *summum bonum*.
Without us, I grant ye, 'tis not worth a pin,
But, ye Gods, how divine, when we get it *within*.

The wealthy are poor, and the haughty repine
If, with gold and with grandeur, you give them no wine.
But plenty of wine to the beggar afford;
Only make him as drunk—he's as great as a Lord.

While the bottle is wanting the soul is depress'd,
And beauty can kindle no flame in the breast;
But the toper for every encounter is ready,
And Joan, when you're drunk, is as good as my lady.

He surely can boast little brains of his own,
Who attempted to find the Philosopher's Stone:
To turn lead into gold, is an idle design,
So I'll be content to turn gold into wine.

—

SONG.

From an ancient collection, published 1671.

Come, Chloris, hie we to the bower
To sport us 'ere the day be done!
Such is thy power, that every flower
Will ope to thee as to the sun.

And if a flower but chance to die,
With my sighs' blast, or my eyes' rain,
Thou canst revive it with thine eye,
And with thy breath make sweet again.

The wanton suckling and the vine
Will strive for the honour, who first may
With their green arms encircle thine,
To keep the burning sun away.

—

To the history of Italian poetry, Mr. MATHIAS has smoothed the way for the readers of that language by his judicious selections from *Crescembeni* and *Tiraboschi*; and he writes Italian with a purity and spirit which almost entitle him to a place in the histories he has thus republished.

—

Bishop White's sermon, delivered before the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, evinces a mind untainted with bigotry, and glowing with the true spirit of Christian charity.

—

Bishop Moore in his pastoral letter, has treated subjects of high importance, and the animation with which they are discussed, evinces clearly that the heart of the worthy prelate is engaged in the great work to which he is called.

[*B. Critic.*

—

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

On Monday the 23d April the Society of the Sons of St. George, established in this city for the advice and assistance of Englishmen in distress, held their anniversary dinner at Hardy's Inn. The society were honored with the company of the officers of the several benevolent institutions harmonizing with them, and of many other respectable visitors.

The following *selected* toasts were drank, accompanied with appropriate music, and the day spent with that solid satisfaction which must result where festivity is combined with philanthropy.

The Day and those who respect it—*Duke of York's march.*

The King of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland—restoration to his health, and may he live to witness the discomfiture of his enemies.—*God save the King.*

The Wooden Walls of Old England—may they continue to be the protectors of the liberties of the world.—*Rule Britannia.*

The Army and Navy of the United Kingdoms—may they always prove invincible.—*Hearts of Oak.*

The memory of the late general Washington—may his virtues and moderation be emulated by every citizen of the United States to the latest posterity.—*Roslin Castle.*

The Sons of St. David, St. Andrew, St. Patrick and Herman.—*Britons strike home.*

Mr. Merry, minister plenipotentiary from the court of Great Britain to the United States.—*You're welcome from Paxton.*

Perpetual friendship between Great Britain and America.—*The topsail shivers in the wind.*

The Judiciary of the United States—may its independence be as invulnerable, and its existence as durable as a column of adamant.—*Washington's March.*

The Fair Sex.—*All in the Downs.*

Agriculture and Commerce.—*When the rosy morn appearing.*

The Arts and Sciences.—*Once the Gods of the Greeks.*

Captain Bainbridge, his officers and crew—may they speedily be restored to their country.—*Galley Slave.*

May the Sun of Prosperity shine constantly on the Sons of Industry and good order.—*Come now all ye social powers.*

—

In the New Annual Register, it is said "the Algerine Captive" is so essentially true to nature, that it may have been historically true in fact.

—

The following fustian paragraph from a Boston paper is a curious example of the *Indiano Americano* style, which by many a *republican* critic is considered as the true sublime, and not inferior to any passage in Longinus:

THE THEATRE,

On Monday evening, *crowded its walls* with taste, fashion and beauty, to welcome the *entre* of Mr. BERNARD on our boards. His reception, we trust, will be found among the *most splendid* ever given to any performer on this continent; but the *dazzling presentment of his talent far outshone the high-wrought anticipation of public opinion.* The report of his eminence was indeed no *forestaller's trick* to raise value. He is at once the excellent comedian we have ever seen in *spirit* of execution, and the most *commendable* in *chastity* of conception. *The town has never witnessed a* BERNARD *before.* The repetition of the play on this evening, is one of the effects of his *unexampled merit.* His style has a peculiar characteristic. The *life* of the scene never *faulters* in *his personation.* The *character he represents is entire in every part;* the *actor* is never once thought of. It is the perfection of art to conceal art; and it is the test of good acting to *embody the fictitious personage, of which it is meant to be the resemblance.*

—

A Roman Catholic curate, to free himself from the great labour of confessions in Lent, gave notice to his parishioners, that on Monday he should confess the *liars;* on Tuesday, the *misers;* on Wednesday, the *slanderers;* on Thursday, the *thieves;* on Friday, the *libertines;* and on Saturday, the *bad women.* His scheme succeeded—none attended.

Health is so necessary to all the duties, as well as pleasures of life, that the crime of squandering it is equal to the folly; and he that for a short gratification brings weakness and disease upon himself, and for the pleasure of a few years passed in the tumults of diversion and clamours of merriment, condemns the maturer and more experienced part of his life to the chamber and the couch, may be justly reproached, not only as a spendthrift of his own happiness, but as a robber of the public; as a wretch, that has voluntarily disqualified himself for the business of his station, and refused that part which Providence assigns him, in the general task of human nature.

There are, perhaps, very few conditions more to be pitied than that of an active and elevated mind, labouring under the weight of a distempered body; the time of such a man is always spent in forming schemes, which a change of wind hinders from executing; his powers fume away in projects and in hopes, and the day of action never arrives. He lies down, delighted with the thoughts of to-morrow, pleases his ambition with the fame he shall acquire, on his benevolence with the good he shall bestow. But, in the night, the skies are overcast, the temper of the air is changed, he wakes in langour, impatience and distraction, and has no longer any wish, but for ease, nor any attention, but to misery. It may be said that disease generally begins that equality, which death completes; the distinctions, which set one man so much above another are very little perceived in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise, where all human glory is obliterated, the wit is clouded, the reasoner perplexed, and the hero subdued; when the highest and brightest of mortal beings finds nothing left him, but the consciousness of innocence.

—

Bishop HORSELEY thus dedicates to his sovereign the new translation of Hosea:

Your majesty's love and affection for letters in general, not the least conspicuous of the many royal virtues, which have endeared you to mankind; the particular favour and protection your majesty, upon al occasions has extended to *Biblical* learning, have encouraged me to approach you with an attempt to elucidate one of the most ancient, generally deemed the most difficult, and for that reason, of late years, the most neglected but certainly not the least interesting of the Hebrew poets. if the execution of the work might be supposed to be at all answerable, to the dignity and moment of the sacred argument, and as far as may be attainable in a translation, to the force and sublimity of the style in the original, the present might seem not too mean to be brought before a monarch, who has lived a bright example of piety, in times when piety has been generally laughed to scorn; and will be recorded in the truth-telling page of history, as the patron of the arts and sciences, and, under God, the powerful protector of the rights of civil government and of the Christian Church, (institutions in their origin equally divine) in any age, when a general spirit of Anarchy and Atheism threatened to rebarbarize the life of fallen man, by the subversion of all social order, by obliterating the natural distinctions of right and wrong, by the studied misuse and perversion of all learning and philosophy, and by the total extinction of all religion.

—

EPIGRAM.

Thomas is sure a most courageous man,
"A word and blow," for ever is his plan;
And thus his friends explain the curious matter,
He gives the first, and then receives the latter.

The incredulity of some critics has doubted whether the play of Titus Andronicus be from the pen of Shakspeare. Two verses in it, however, appear to have pleased him so much, that he has twice closely copied them.

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
She is a woman, therefore may be won.
Titus Andronicus.

She's beautiful, and therefore may be woo'd,
She is a woman, therefore may be won.
Henry VI. Part I.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd,
Was ever woman in this humour won!
Richard III.

—

When two French Duchesses went to compliment Hartny, who was a very handsome man, on his election to the archbishopric of Paris, he turned to Madame Bouillons, and said, *Formosi pecoris custos* (the keeper of a handsome flock). The Duchess finished the verse by answering *formosior ipse* (he himself handsomer.)

—

To be full of compliment is ridiculous; to be altogether without it, is rusticity.

—

We wish some of our poetical readers would favour us with a version of the following epigram, from Amalthæus, on two beautiful children, each deprived of one eye.

Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonillo sinistro,
Et potuit forma vincere uterque Deos;
Parve puer, lumen quod habes concede sorori
Sic tu cæcus amor, sic erit illa Venus.

—

THE DOUBLE MISTAKE.

From the French.

Little Love, the other day,
More than moderately gay,
To his mother archly said
'Welcome, Iris! lovely maid!'
Venus, turning sharply round,
Work'd a miracle and frown'd.
'O mamma, for mercy's sake,
Pardon me this one mistake;
I intend no ill, believe me,
'Tis my eyes alone deceive me,
When fair Iris I misname,
She will not poor Cupid blame;
And I must confess it true
Often I take her for you.'

—

Hume observes, and I think very profoundly, that the Presbyterian religion is *republican*, and perfectly suited to the genius of the *populace*. In factious times the devotees of Presbytery are, *of course*, zealous partizans of *democracy*.

—

Mr. Pinkerton's compilation, intitled Modern Geography, is a work, which, if it does not meet all the wishes of the learned in that science, has yet, in many points, a *manifest superiority* over those which have preceded it.

—

A caustic vein of wit pervades Mr. W. Gifford's late examination of certain critical strictures; but it exhibits also good sense and sound taste, and will, therefore, live beyond the natural date of controversial tracts.

—

A DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

A city fop, with haughty walk,
Would often o'er the common stalk.
One day, in boots that would surpass
The reflexivity of glass,
When stepping o'er the broadway street,
A pup came barking at his feet;
A stander-by observ'd the play,
And wonder'd why the pup should bay.
A boy replied, with wit acute,
'He sees *a puppy in the boot*.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The author of the following pieces, Mr. Oldschool, was a young gentleman of great respectability and handsome talents. His name was Hoyland; he was born in Yorkshire, in England, of parents who supported a reputable standing in society. Either from intense application to books, for which he discovered an early and ardent attachment, or from some unknown cause, he gradually lost his reason, and finally became entirely insane.

It is a remark of some philosopher, that poetry and lunacy are so nearly allied, that a passion for the first almost invariably precedes the latter. This observation, upon first view, may appear absurd and ridiculous; but, beside the authority of experience, it is obvious to observe what a similarity exists between the wild vagaries of a disordered mind, and the eccentricities of a flighty muse. The heart softened, and the natural vivacity of temper destroyed by many gloomy reflections, and the mind, delighting in regularity and order, appear peculiarly adapted to the tender themes, the harmonious cadence and measured equality of poetic lines. Poetry, indeed, appears to have been a concomitant of inspiration, as well as of other kinds of mental disorder. The Pythea of Apollo, whose ravings resembled more the frantic distractions of convulsive agonies, than the effects of divine influence, screamed out her ambiguous oracles in unmeasured and mutilated verses; and Æneas' Sibyl wrote on the leaves in her cave poetic responses, adapted to the circumstances of every inquirer. I myself heard some verses recited which were written by a lunatic of the Philadelphia hospital, that would not have disgraced a more conspicuous pen. His productions, though not remarkable for that ardour and regular connection, which is very naturally expected in elegant poetry, contained, nevertheless, many beautiful flights, original figures, and much energy of expression. His subjects were grave, and adapted to the state of his mind.

Whether our author composed these odes before or during his insanity, I am unable to discover; one thing, however, is remarkable, that though his themes are uniformly serious, and many of his expressions strongly indicative of melancholy, his compositions bear no marks of a disordered understanding. From the general tenor of his pieces, and the acute despondency which is breathed in many of them, it is not unreasonable to suppose that they were written at the commencement of his disorder. In his ode to sleep he says,

But when, like me, some *pensive wretch* withdrawn
Far from the world, within some darkling grove,
From dewy fingered eve to purple dawn,
Bemoans his sufferings like a wounded dove.

But, whatever state of intellect might have produced these odes, the lovers of elegant poetry ought, perhaps, to regret that it was but of short duration. The force of his malady overcame the strength of his constitution, and he became its victim at the age of twenty-one years.

If we consider the early period of life, at which these little essays were written, and the circumstance of their having never been corrected for the press, we shall find much to admire, and but little to disapprove. The early brilliancy of POPE, CHATTERTON, and HUNT, united with great harmony of versification, and considerable strength of genius, are discoverable in many of the stanzas. They never have hitherto, I believe, appeared in print except one, 'To a friend, with a borrowed guinea returned,' which was some time ago sent to the Port Folio, and which, for that reason, I shall not transmit on this occasion. If you think their merits intitle them to a place in your Miscellany, they are very much at your service.

PHILAXIAN.]

ODE I.

TO HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Sweet Angel of my natal hour,
Thou, to whose tutelary power
My infant days were given;
My bosom friend! companion dear!
Forever kind, forever near,
While such the will of heaven!

By thee inspir'd, the live-long day
Roll'd lightly on in peace and play,
Calm slumbers crown'd the night;
By thee and simple nature drawn,
Ere reason spread her glimm'ring dawn,
I sought and found delight.

'Twas thou when'er I rang'd the mead,
That drew me from the pois'nous weed
Of tempting purple dye;
That drew me from the fatal brake,
Where coil'd in speckled pride, the snake
Allured my longing eye.

Ah! why so soon to reason's hand
Did'st thou resign the imperial wand?
Why yield the ruling rein,
With thee are all my comforts fled,
And woes to endless woes succeed
A dire and gloomy train!

Can zephyr hush the singing seas,
Or whisper silence in a breeze,
When Boreas sweeps the flood?
Can the soft virgin's voice restrain
The midnight howling of the plain,
When Lions roar for food?

So weak is reason to controul,
Or soothe the tempests of the soul,
When torn by passions wild;
Tho' soft the sound as zephyr's wing,
That whispers tidings of the spring,
As voice of virgin mild.

Come then, resume thy guardian power,
Sweet angel of my natal hour,
To whom the choice was given;
Once more receive me to thy care,
Forever kind, forever near,
If such the will of heaven.

ODE II.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Say bird of eve, whose solitary note
I catch imperfect from a spray remote,
(While numerous echoes down the vale
Convey the melancholy tale)
Still nearer to my lonely cell
Bring all thy woes, sweet Philomel.

Around that cell no verdant bowers
With careless elegance inwove,
Nor shrubs adorn'd with early flowers,
Exhaling fragrance, court thy love.

Yet think not to an heedless ear
Thy throat will vainly warble here;
Thy liquid lays enchant my soul,
Wakeful as yonder starry pole.
Then nearer to my lonely cell,
Bring all thy woes, sweet Philomel.

If I deny the hospitable bough,
(Far to the pensive genius of the shades)
May yonder beechen glades
Their salutary gloom no more display
To intercept the dog-star's fiery ray
From my devoted brow!

May never music soothe my breast,
But the funereal bird unbless'd,
Harrow with shrieks that fright the dawning day.
Witness ye neighbouring vallies green

Do I not rove where woodbines twine
And call each branching oak divine?
Enraptured with the sylvan scene!
Then nearer to my lonely cell
Bring all thy woes, sweet Philomel.

Were once my ardent wishes crown'd,
A new Elysium waving round,
Would empty every forest nigh
Of all their native melody:
But fate, inexorable fate,
Not even thy sounds can mitigate.
Then pardon, gentle bird, the wrong,
And at my window perching light
Prattle thy sweet notes—and attentive night
Will o'er these bounds her solemn reign prolong.

ODE III.

ON RURAL HAPPINESS.

How deeply blue the etherial space
With burning stars enamell'd o'er!
The snow-clad hills on night's grim face
A pale and dreadful lustre pour.

Welcome sad season of the year
And midnight stern and howling wind;
Horrors that fright the wolf and bear,
Serve but to soothe my wilder mind.

On this rude cliff's tremendous brow,
Ne'er touch'd by rosy fingered spring,
Where swain was never heard to blow
The warbling reed, or bird to sing—

I stand: around in ample view
The subject meads and forests lie,
And silent streams, whose surface blue
Reflects the moon and starry sky.

And mingled cottages appear,
Where sleep his genuine dew bestows,
And young content, a cherub fair,
Still smooths the pillow of repose.

There peace and heaven-born virtue reign
Unrivalled on the margin green
Of wrinkled rill, in grove or plain
The smiling pair is ever seen.

Before the lustre of their eyes,
As shades before the morning ray,
Each soul distempering passion flies,
To crowded halls and cities gay.

Av'rice with fancied wants forlorn,
Meagre his look, his mantle rude,
And stern-ey'd envy inly torn,
By the fell worm that drinks his blood.

Mistaken jealousy that weeps
O'er the pale corse himself has gor'd,
And dire revenge, that never sleeps,
Still calls for blood, still shakes the sword.

Restless ambition roaming o'er
The affrighted globe, where'er he treads
The fields are drench'd in human gore,
And cities bow their tow'ry heads.

Loud discontent and dumb despair,
Suspicion glancing oft behind,
And slighted love, with frantic air,
Blaspheming heaven and stars unkind.

Thrice happy swains! your silent hours
These midnight furies ne'er molest;
Furies that climb the loftiest towers,
And tear the splendid tyrant's breast.

Sleep on, bless'd innocents, secure,
Soon will the wintry storms be flown
Soon comes the spring-tide breathing pure,
And summer suns are all your own.

ODE IV.

TO SLEEP.

Offspring of night, whose languid visage wears
Death's milder lineaments! thy friendly art
With lenient balm the drooping soul repairs,
And in a sweet oblivion laps the heart.
Come, gentle queen, thy noiseless wings diffuse,
And o'er my humble cell ah! shake thy opiate dews.

The vent'rous seaman, 'midst the rocking shrouds,
Touch'd by thy potent wand, his toil foregoes,
And, while loud billows mingle with the clouds,
Hangs on the mast in terrible repose.
Stretch'd on his shield beneath tempestuous skies,
Thou bidst the warrior close his formidable eyes.

Then why, capricious power, to me delay'd
Thy blessings? peace protects my rural hill;
These tranquil haunts no ruder sounds invade
Than drowsy murmurs from a falling rill;
Than the warm whisper'd sigh, when lovers true,
Beneath their favourite oak, their tender vows renew.

I know, and I applaud thy virtuous pride;
Thou wilt not lull the traitor's perjur'd head;
Let mute attendants guard their patron's side,
And tapers burn around the nightly dead:
Yet still he wakes; yon faulchion gleaming nigh,
Betray his guilty fears, that groan his misery.

I know that from th' impure recess of lust,
The ghastly ruffian's floor with slaughter red,
Thou flyest; and bid'st stern conscience, ever just,
With all her furies haunt the accursed bed:
While horrid shrieks and livid light appal
The trav'ler wandering near the unhospitable wall.

I know that all the treasures of the west,
Or precious gems that eastern quarries hold,
Would ne'er from thee obtain one hour of rest,
For the pale slave whose bosom pants for gold;
Not all that nature's azure round contains
Would bribe thee to the roof where hell-born malice reigns.

But am I these? my soul indignant spurns
The lying imputation: yet betray'd,
To various ills, in dust and ashes mourns
Her ardour quench'd, her vivid powers decay'd;
Misfortune opes her quiver; lingering pain
And sickness dip the darts in more than Judean bane.

Some lofty minds, that boast a firmer frame,
Adversity's rough storms undaunted bear,
Their faculties expanding, brighter flame
Like Boreas blazing in a rougher air;
But in my feeble heart the spark divine
Fades as a dying lamp, and all its hopes decline.

Ah! when shall I, soft Sleep, thy influence find?
What happy clime the gentle charm will yield;
Waft me ye sails where blows the tepid wind
O'er orange groves, where citrons strew the field!
Ah! no, 'mid these my hapless youth has stray'd
Nor met thy soothing smiles beneath the fragrant shade.

Is there a sage, whose philosophic mind,
Lur'd by the moon's wan lustre, upward springs,
Swift as the darted beam, and, unconfin'd,
Its flight through planetary wonders wings?
Then may'st thou well thy useless power restrain,
Nor with lethargic clouds the bright conception stain.

Is there a bard, who, in seraphic lays
Sublime, and fill'd with spirit piercing fire,
Pours to yon listening orbs his maker's praise?
'Twere sacrilege to hush the holy lyre,
A voice forbids, and angels listening round
Strike their symphonious harps, while earth and heaven resound.

But when, like me, some pensive wretch withdrawn,
Far from the world within some darkling grove,
From dewy fingered eve to purple dawn,
Bemoans his sufferings like a wounded dove.
'Tis thine to give that boon, which now I crave,
Repose, profound as death, and silent as the grave.

I plead in vain—regardless of my woe,
No strain can win thee to this fluttering breast,
Yet soon that grave shall lay my sorrows low,
Where mingled sleep the oppressor and oppress'd,
'Till heaven to one eternal morn restore
My ravish'd eyes, and thou and death shall be no more.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

INVOCATION TO HEALTH.

Written during a severe illness in the year 1798.

O nymph divine, of magic power,
Whose smiles can sooth each passing hour,
O hasten to the bed of pain,
And bid a sufferer rise again!

Thy presence banishes each grief,
And gives the wearied soul relief;
Makes the destroying fever fly,
With all its train of misery.

And bring the clear delights along,
To cheer my heart and glad my song;
Again with strength my sinews brace,
And call the colour to my face.

But haste thee nymph, nor long delay;
'Tis death to loiter on the way;
Disease preys deeply all the while;
Then haste and bless me with thy smile.

ROWLAND.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EPIGRAM.

From the French of Fontenelle.

Tom makes of *ceremony* sport,
And always has a laugh about it;
Yet, if we may believe report,
Poor fellow! *he* was made without it.

ROWLAND.

—

Translated from Martial.

You wonder, Philip, I refuse
To shew the offspring of my muse:
The reason, friend, is very plain—
For fear you'll shew me your's again.

ROWLAND.

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